

KITCHEN SINK
\$
ENTERPRISES
SH-BOOM
Feaster-Keys-
McCrae-Edwards)
The Chords-

50's BLAST FROM THE PAST! FUNNIES

NO.1

25¢

NO, PLEASE, NO!
I'M SCARED!
WHAT IF I GET
PREGNANT?!

HEYYY!
NO SWEAT!
I'LL PULL OUT
BEFORE I
SHOOT!

MORE LIES INSIDE!



DEDICATED
to the
MEMORY of
**ELVIS
AARON
PRESLEY**
~ 1935-1977 ~

it's 50's FUNNIES

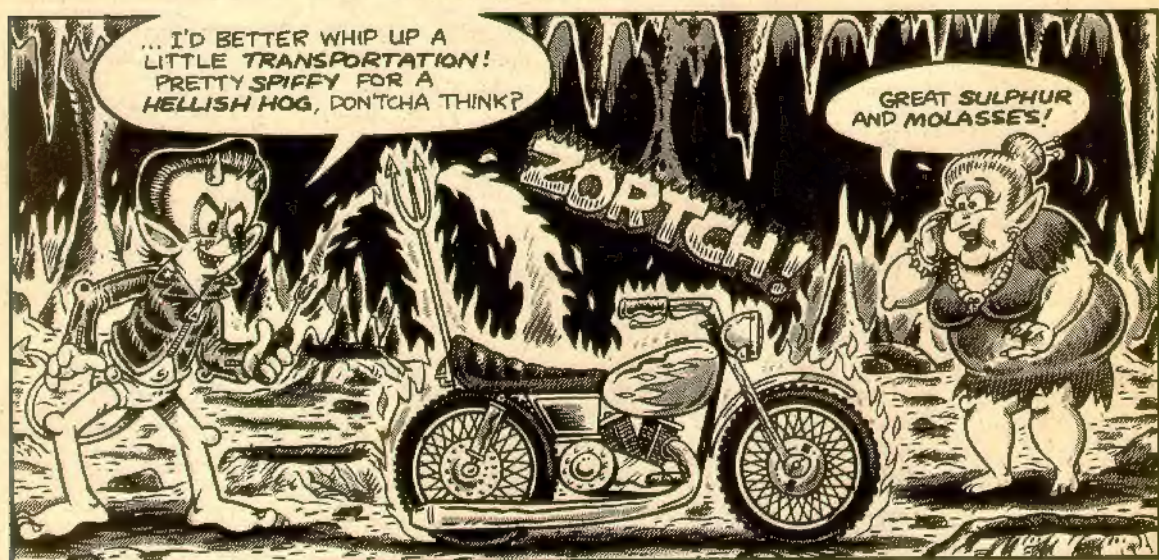
50's FUNNIES. Published by Kitchen Sink Enterprises, a division of Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, in cooperation with Larry Shell's Comic Art Gallery. Editor: Larry Shell. Contents: "I Sold My Soul for Rock n' Roll" © 1980 by Larry Shell and Scott Shaw; "Bullet for a Doll" © 1980 by Bill Kelley & Tom Yeates; "Beat-Out" © 1980 by George Erling; "Forgotten Fears of the Fifties" © by artists & writers on splash page 14; Centerfold © 1980 by Tom Yeates; "Mamma's Bwah!" © 1980 by Bill Kelley & Rick Veitch; "Spaced Rat-Pol" © 1980 by Dave Hunt & Alfredo Alcalá; "Turf!" © 1980 by Will Meugniot; Front cover © 1980 Bill Stout; Inside front cover art © 1980 Tom Yeates & Steve Bissette; Inside back cover art © 1980 Steve Bissette; Back cover art © 1980 Scott Shaw. Free wholesale catalog from publisher on request: (414) 295-3972. Printed in U.S.A. P.N. 5 4 3 2 1.

HOT SOX THE TEENAGE DEVIL-DELINQUENT!

in "I SOLD MY SOUL FOR **ROCK 'N' ROLL!**"

BY LARRY SHELL AND SCOTT SHAW!

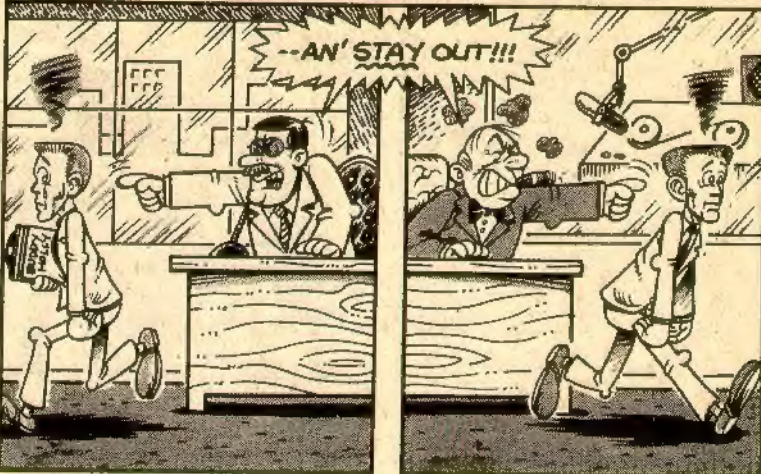




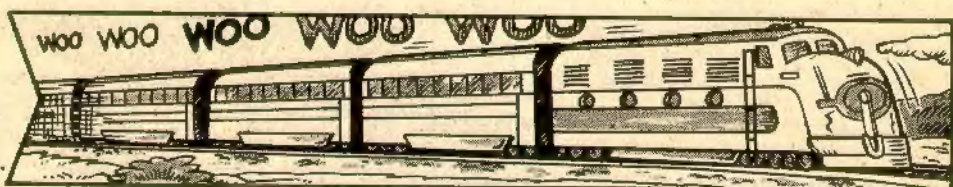


MEANWHILE, UP IN THE MORTAL WORLD, DICK CLUCK WAS FEELING LOWER THAN JAYNE MANSFELD'S NECKLINE (AND THAT'S PRETTY DARN LOW!)

AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN, HE HAD UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTED TO SELL A T.V. SHOW CONCEPT TO THE NEW YORK NETWORKS, AND, WHILE TRYING TO DO SO, LOST HIS OWN JOB ON THE BIG APPLE'S RADIO STATION WSOB-AM...



DECIDING TO TRY HIS LUCK ELSEWHERE, DICK TAKES A QUICK TRAIN TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA...





JUMPIN' JUNEBUGS, SUH! AH AM COLONEL LUCIUS T. HOOEY, THE :AHEM: MILLIONAIRE RADIO AND TELEVISION STATION OWNER, AND MAH RADIO STATION, WROK, IS IN DESPERATE NEED OF A PLATTER-SPINNER...



* THAT'S 'FOOP' BACKWARDS!

SO, DICK CLUCK TOOK OVER THE DEPARTING WOLFMAN JERK'S TOP-SLOT ON WROK, AND WITH HOT SOX'S HELP, BECAME A SMASH HIT BOLSTERED BY HIS SUCCESS, HE PROPOSED HIS T.V. CONCEPT TO THE RECEPTIVE COLONEL HOOEY...

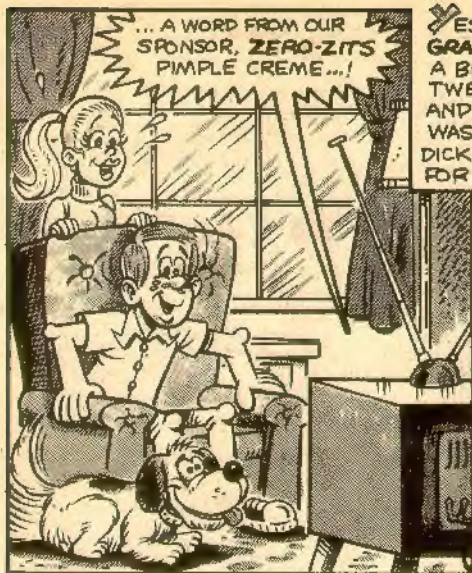
IT'S A KIND OF TELEVISED SOCK HOP, ACTUALLY, I'LL BE HOST, AND WE'LL PLAY, RATE AND DANCE TO ROCK 'N' ROLL RECORDS, WITH SINGING GUEST STARS AND KIDS DANCING THEIR BUTTS OFF TO THE MUSIC, I FIGURE WE CAN CALL THE THING...



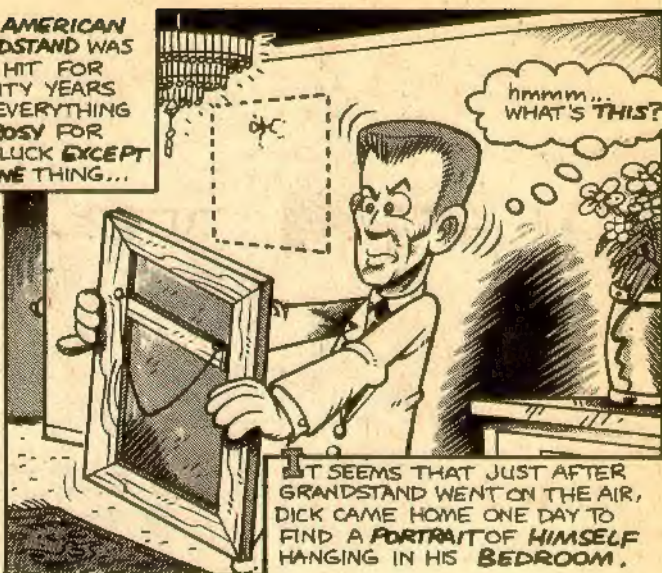
AMERICAN GRANDSTAND!!!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE SHOW WAS A HUGE HIT... IN FACT, IT WAS SUCH A HIT THAT COLONEL HOOEY, TO DICK'S SURPRISE, INSISTED ON MAKING AMERICAN GRANDSTAND A DAILY EVENT!



YES, AMERICAN GRANDSTAND WAS A BIG HIT FOR TWENTY YEARS AND EVERYTHING WAS ROSY FOR DICK CLUCK EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...

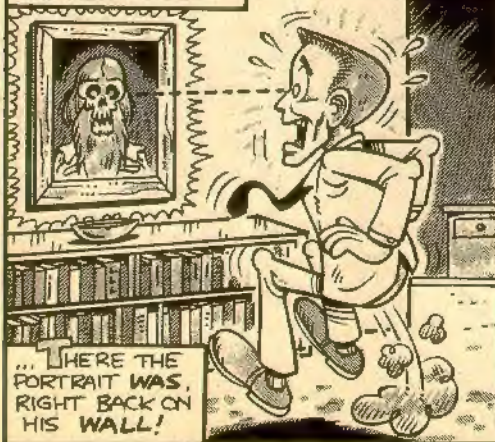


IT SEEMS THAT JUST AFTER GRANDSTAND WENT ON THE AIR, DICK CAME HOME ONE DAY TO FIND A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF HANGING IN HIS BEDROOM.

A NOTE ATTACHED SAID THAT IT WAS A GIFT FROM HIS "GUARDIAN DEVIL" HOT SOX, WHOSE COUSIN DORIAN HAD SUPPOSEDLY PAINTED IT. BUT AS THE YEARS WORE ON, AND AMERICAN GRANDSTAND REMAINED AT THE TOP OF THE NEILSEN RATINGS HEAP, DICK NOTICED THAT HE NEVER APPEARED TO GROW OLDER... BUT THE PORTRAIT DID! HIS PAINTED COUNTENANCE BECOMING GRAY-BEARDED AND WRINKLED...



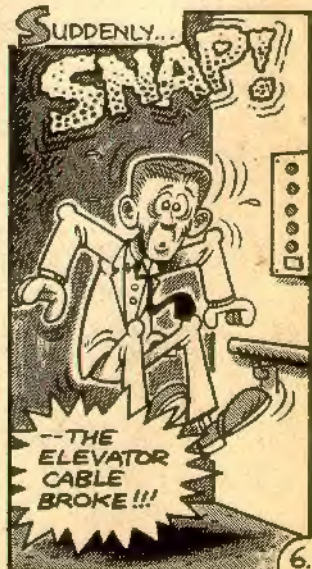
HE TRIED TO REMOVE IT FROM THE WALL, BUT THAT PROVED IMPOSSIBLE. HE EVEN TRIED MOVING TO ANOTHER APARTMENT, BUT AFTER HE'D SETTLE INTO THE NEW PLACE...



BUT AT LEAST IF I CAN'T GROW OLD, I CAN'T DIE, EITHER! LET'S SEE THAT DEVIL COLLECT FROM A LIVE MAN...



BUT ONE DAY, WHILE TAKING THE ELEVATOR DOWN FROM HIS PLUSH PENTHOUSE SUITE...



--THE ELEVATOR CABLE BROKE!!!



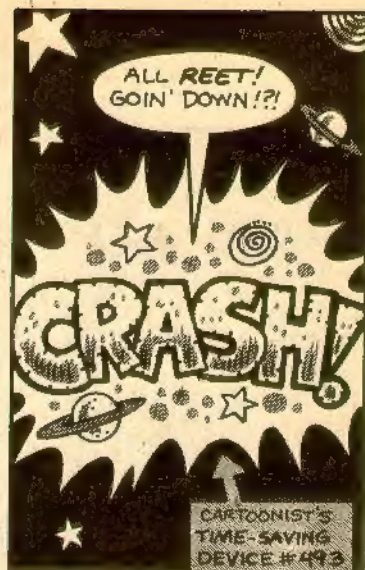
GOOD LORD!
I CHOKES
THIS IS
THE END
FOR ME!

HOWDY,
CHUM!
READY TO
PAY TH'
PIPER?



TELL YA WHAT, DICKIE BOY...
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A CHOICE:
1.) STAY IN PHILLY AN' GROW
AS OLD AS THAT PUTRID
PORTRAIT OF YOURS, OR
2.) YOU CAN COME WITH ME
AN' STAY YOUNG FOREVER.
WHADDDAYA
SAY?

WELL, I'D
RATHER BE
IN HELL THAN
PHILADELPHIA...



ALL REET!
GOIN' DOWN!?!

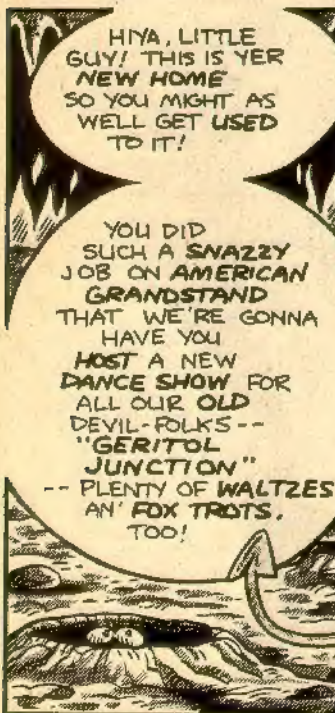
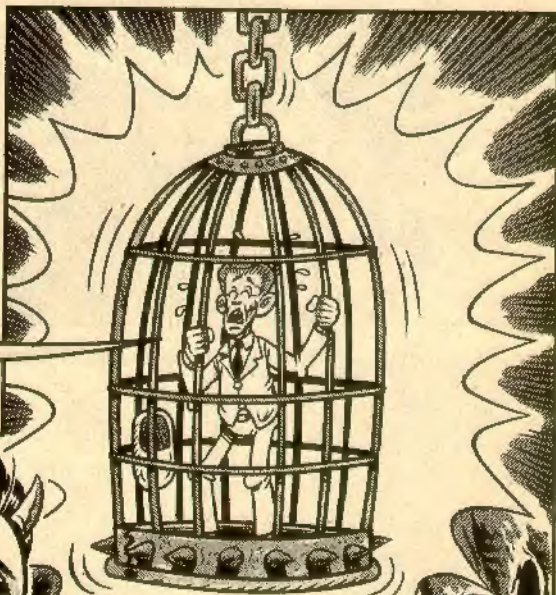
CARTOONIST'S
TIME-SAVING
DEVICE #493



LATER...
HOT SOX, I HATE TO
ADMIT IT, BUT YOU'VE
DONE US PROUD!!

GEE,
THANX, AUNT
BURNIA... IT
WAS NOTHIN'!

HEY!
WHAT
ABOUT ME?



HIIYA, LITTLE
GUY! THIS IS YER
NEW HOME
SO YOU MIGHT AS
WELL GET USED
TO IT!

YOU DID
SUCH A SNAZZY
JOB ON AMERICAN
GRANDSTAND
THAT WE'RE GONNA
HAVE YOU
HOST A NEW
DANCE SHOW FOR
ALL OUR OLD
DEVIL-FOLKS--
"GERITOL
JUNCTION"
-- PLENTY OF WALTZES
AN' FOX TROTS,
TOO!

WALTZ!
FOX TROT!
AAAGGHH!!!
NO WONDER
THEY CALL
IT HELL!

THE
END!
© 1980 BY
SHELL AND SHAW

Bullet for a Doll

Writing: Bill Kelley, Pictures: Tom Yeates



I knew she'd come... and I was waiting. Waiting between the sheets of my double-bed... waiting - with my .38 in my fist. She knew I was onto her, but as she sidled toward me... she smiled. She smiled and she smoothed her hands along the contours of her breasts... her firm, perfect breasts... and I swallowed. Hard.



The buttons came undone easily... first the top one, then the rest. Without taking her eyes off me, she untucked her blouse, and I heard the soft rustle of silk against cotton...

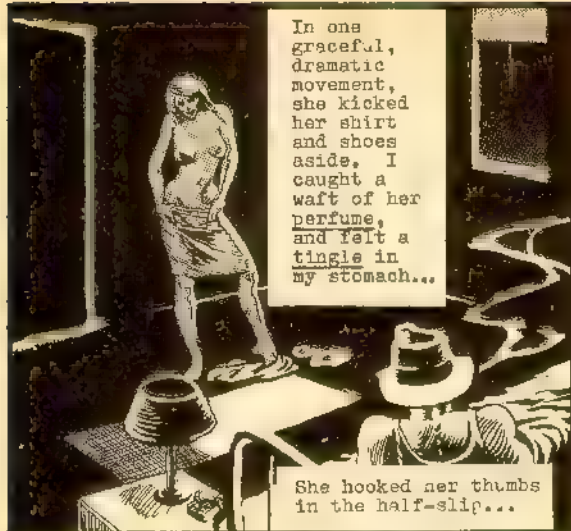


I'd dreamt about girls who didn't wear bras... but even they never looked like this... soft and warm - yet strong, nipples erect in the cool breeze...

She started on the zipper...



In seconds it was done, and with a playful swing of her hips, the skirt dropped to the floor. As she giggled, her breasts heaved... her blonde hair (was it natural, I wondered?) cascaded in waves down her back...



In one graceful, dramatic movement, she kicked her shirt and shoes aside. I caught a waft of her perfume, and felt a tingle in my stomach...

She hooked her thumbs in the half-slip...



It slid down long, graceful, silky legs... naturally golden legs that didn't need stockings...



Only the panties were left now... translucent panties. She was a natural blonde all right. She reared her head coquettishly, and her fingertips danced on her flat belly...

She looked me right in the eye... and off they came. Now she was walking toward me again... her golden triangle dripping with excitement...

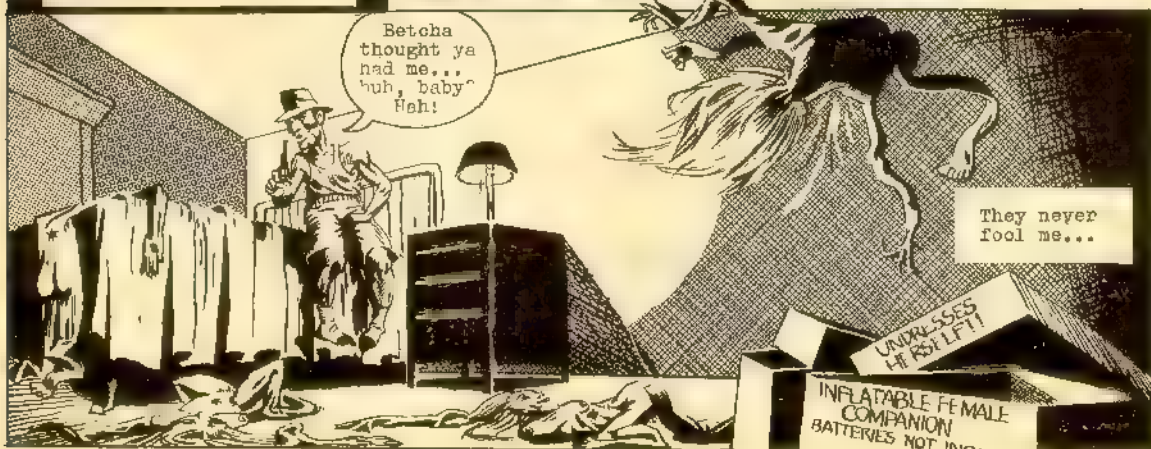


For an instant, my gun hand trembled -



— when the .38 exploded... the room shook... and a fiery stream tore open her gut...

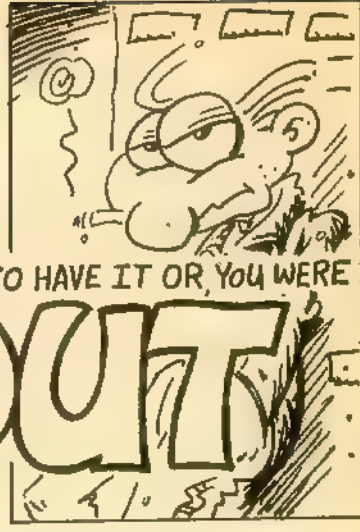
She didn't say a word... just flew back in a crumpled, hissing mass. I flicked on the light...



Betcha thought ya had me... 'uh, baby' Nah!

They never fool me...

UNPRESSURED
INFLATABLE FEMALE
COMPANION
BATTERIES NOT INC.



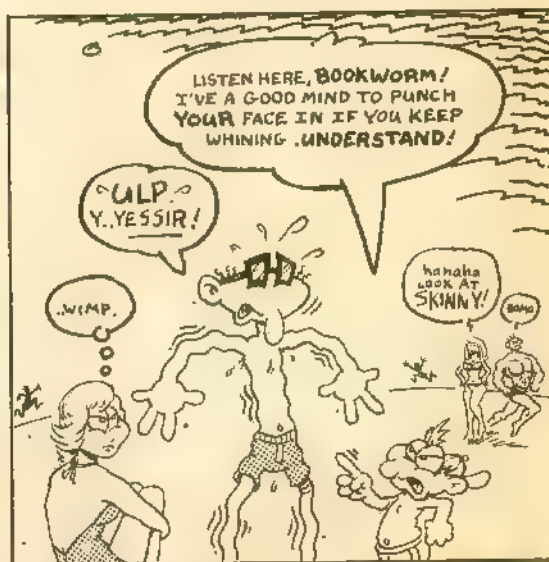
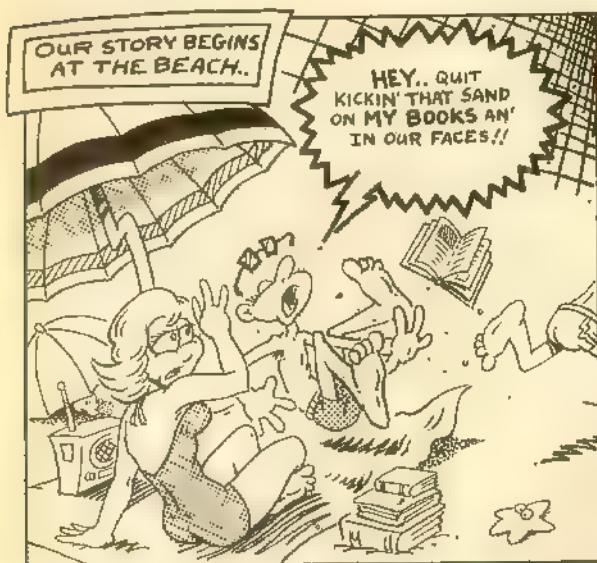
LOOK PAL, THE FIFTIES WERE TOUGH..YOU HAD TO HAVE IT OR YOU WERE

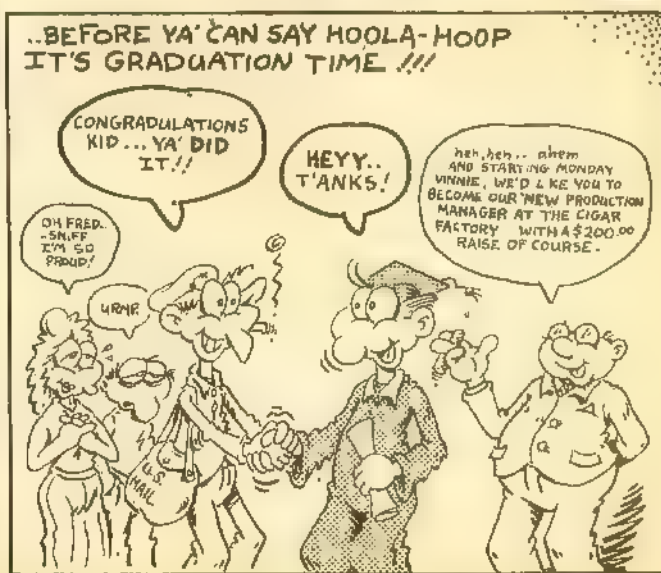
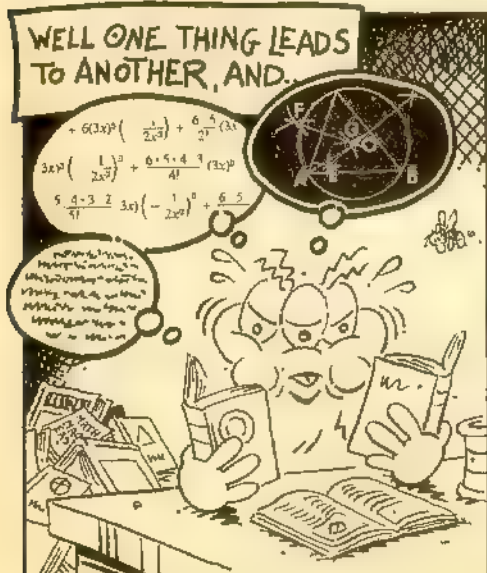
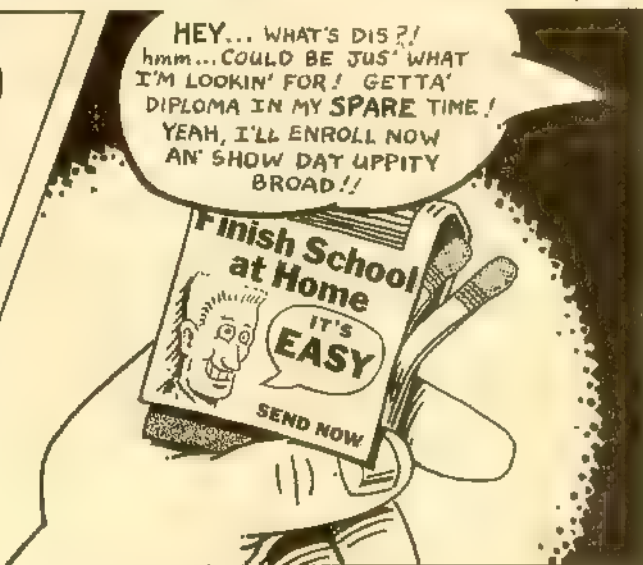
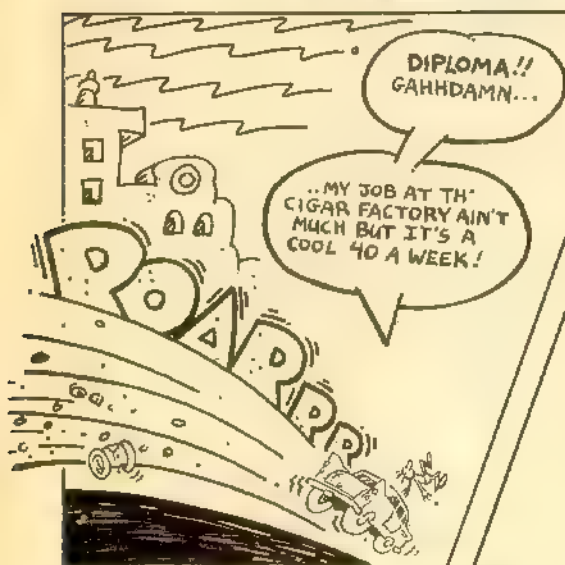
BEAT-OUT

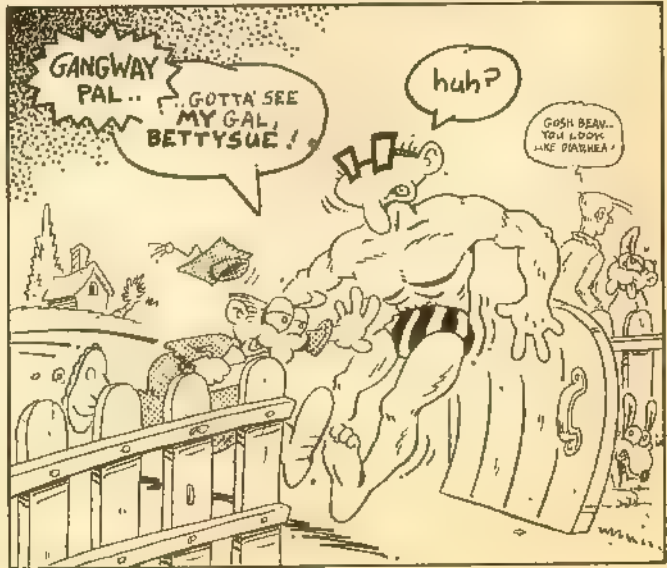
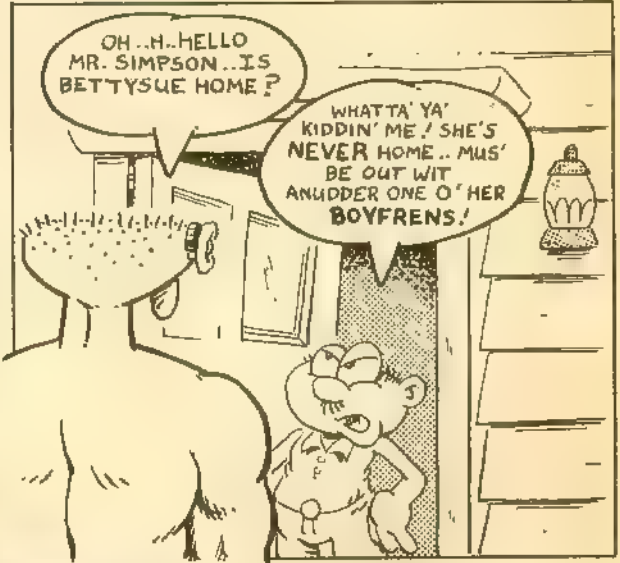
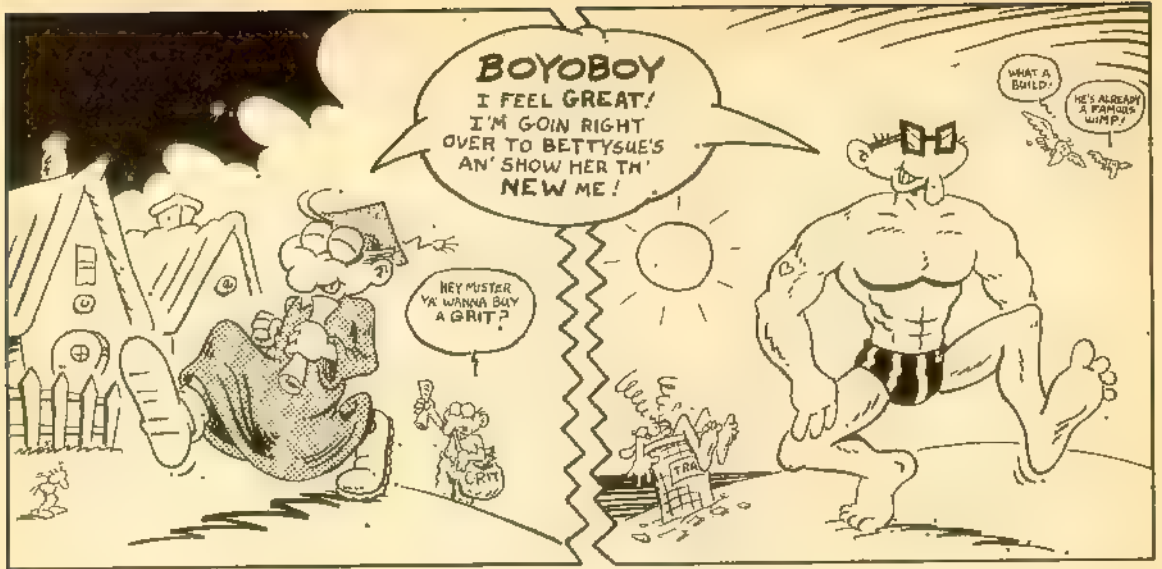
ARNOLD

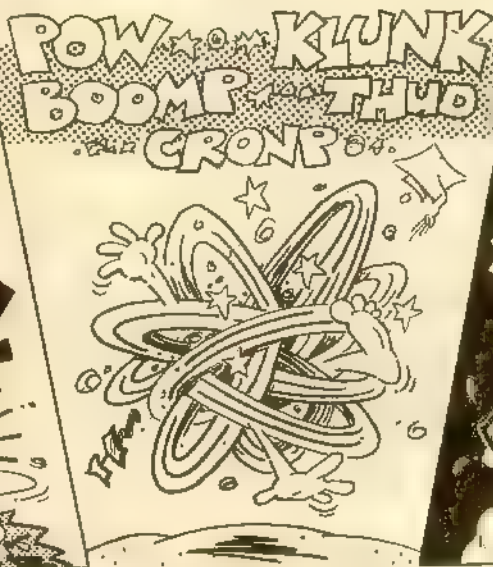
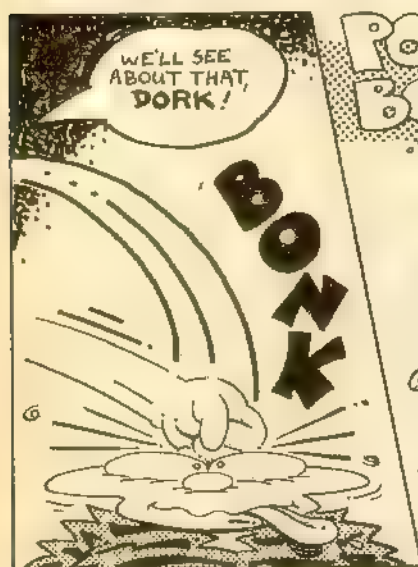
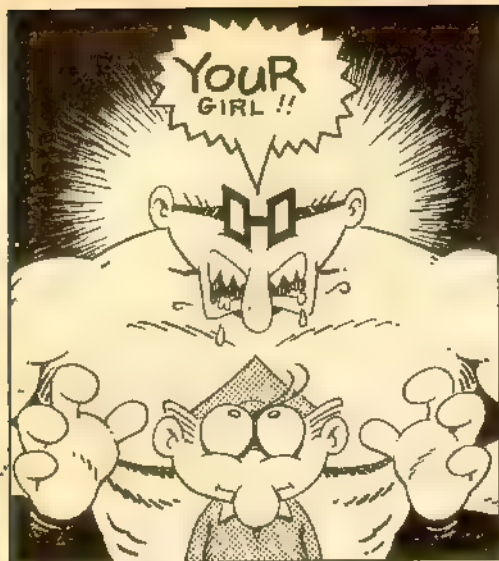
BETTYSUE

VINNIE









"GREETINGS, GREASEBALLS! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR ALL YOU MONSTER MOVIE FREAKS SEEKING A LITTLE MORE MEAT 'N' TATERS THAN THE IMPTEENTH BOOB TUBE RERUN OF "THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN" EVER DELIVERED. THESE PARTICULAR FLICKS PROBABLY SLIPPED YOU BY WHILE YOU WERE SLIPPING IT TO THE LITTLE WOMAN IN THE BACK SEAT. SO WHY NOT HANG THE DRIVE 'N' SPEAKER ON YOUR WINDOW CRACK YOURSELF A BEER, AND KICK BACK FOR SIX PAGES WHILST I DREDGE UP THOSE LEGENDARY, LONG-LOST..."



featuring
(IN VARIOUS
DISGUISES) YOUR
HOST OF HOSTS,
LARRY SHELL!

FORGOTTEN FEARS OF THE FIFTIES

ALL CONTENTS
© 1982 RESPECTIVE ARTISTS & WRITERS

SCREENPLAY by
BILL KELLEY
DAVID BIANCULLI
GLENN LOVELL and
EARL J. BONDGRASSE

LETTERED by
RICK TAYLOR

AD & POSTER ART by
RICK VEITCH
JOE RAGUSA
TOM MARNICK

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRIAN PASANEN

PRODUCED and
DIRECTED by



"THE 1950'S
ERA OF EISENHOWER,
E.C.'S, AND JOE MCCARTHY,
CRADLE OF THE FEAR-
NATIONAL INSTITUTION WE RE-
FER TO TODAY AS PARANOIA
T CAME TO US IN THE ECHOES OF
HIROSHIMA, IN THE WHISPERS
OF 'COLD WAR' IN THE WAIL OF
NUCLEAR ATTACK TEST SIRENS
... AND THE VISIONS OF
ARMAGEDDON THAT FLICK-
ERED ALIVE ON THE TOWN-
THEATRE MOVIE
SCREENS

VISIONS
OF MUSHROOM
CLOUDS, FIRE-
STORMS, AND "ALL-
OUT" NUCLEAR MU-
TANTS, VISIONS
OF... THE
FUTURE.

CONSIDER IT
IF YOU WILL
THE FUTURE THAT
NEARLY 50 YEARS
WAS THE
PAST NOR PRESENT...
WHERE NOTHING HAS YET
HAPPENED AND EVERYTHING
WILL HAPPEN... WHERE TO-
MORROW'S YESTERDAY IS
YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW
WHERE... WHERE... WHERE...
WELL, YOU
KNOW
THE TWILIGHT
ZONE!



HEY KIDDIES, THAT'S
A CROCKA BATSHIT. BACK
THEN WE ALL KNEW IT CAME
FROM OUTER SPACE! THE PRO-
SPECT OF TURNING INTO SO MUCH
COOKED SAUSAGE IN A WORLD-
WIDE GAMMA-RAY BARBECUE
SEEMED LIKE SMALL POTATOES
WHEN SOME HOARY VENUSIAN
FUNGOID-LENTIL-BEING WAS
BUSY SUCKING YER BRAINS OUT
THROUGH YER NOSE! YOU DON'T
BELIEVE IT? JUST TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS YU EGG-SUCKING
LITTLE SQUIRTS!

THIS IS YOUR
HOST, ZACHERLEY,
WITH ANOTHER DOSE
OF SUB-HOLLYWOOD
BRAINSQUIRT CALCU-
LATED TO HAVE YOU EMP-
TY YOUR BLADDER NEXT
TIME YOU SEE A
SHOOTING
STAR!

THAT BEAN SALAD
YOU CRAM YER BARS WITH
WON'T LOOK SO INVITING EI-
THER AFTER--EH? WHAT'S
THAT, GASPORT? OH, YES,
WE'LL MAKE BEAUTIFUL BOMBS
WITH THIS ONE BEFORE THE
NIGHT'S OVER. . . I CAN SMELL
IT BURNING
ALREADY!

MEN--
LET YOUR
WALLETS
FLOP
OUT!

WOMEN--
OPEN
YOUR
PURSES!

THEY PUT THEM
OUT IN THE SUN...

...AND WHEN THE
NIGHT COMES...

ABOMINATION INTERNATIONAL
PICTURES presents



**BIG MONSTERS
FROM
OUTER SPACE**
Turn corners and leap into it,
coming in one blood death!

BIG EYED BEANS FROM VENUS

with
EDGAR BARRIER

Leslie Collier
Margot O'Han
Mary Nash
Samuel S. Hinds

and
LON CHANEY
as Hava

apologies to
DON VAN VLIET

in TECHNICOLOR

GOOD YEAR

A FEW FILM PRODUCERS DECIDED THEY OWED THEIR TEENAGE AUDIENCES A HEALTHY WORD OF WARNING ABOUT YOUTH'S WICKED MAYS HOW ELSE WERE WE TO KNOW THAT HEAVY NECKING COULD TRANSFORM THE SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT INTO A SEVEN FOOT NOOKY STARED QULLHOG? OR THAT POPPING ZITS CAN DRAW NASTY PLUS-SUCKING FOURTH DIMENSIONAL SNALVES OUT OF THEIR HOME INSIDE THE BATHROOM MIRROR!

TEENAGE PORKY

THE QULLS
WILL
KILL!

3-D

BEST OF FOR
A BREAKDOWN

CONTINENTAL PICTURES presents
"TEENAGE PORKY"
with GARY CONWAY | NESTOR PAIVA
A Cy Roth PRODUCTION

THREE
TIMES THE
TERROR
in 3-D!!!

ZENITH PRODUCTIONS presents

PLUS SUCKERS

WHEN THE
GIRLS
SHOW...
THE
HORNS
GROW!!

YOU DON'T
WANT TO KNOW
SO WHAT THEY
DO!!

CITIES BURN

BUGS ATTACK!

ALL NEW!
ALL CRUEL!

starring WARD LUSTELLO
CAROL OHMART
LES TREMAYNE
produced and directed
by ROBERT J. GURNEY, Jr.

INVASION OF THE SLUG WOMEN

TO SATISFY
HER PASSION
A woman
revels in...

NOW PLAYING at the DRIVE-IN

WELL, AT LEAST THEIR HEARTS WERE IN THE RIGHT PLACES, EVEN IF THEIR BUDGETS WEREN'T! TAKE THIS HERE SLUG WOMAN, FOR INSTANCE... NOT QUITE THE BULBOUS BEAUT PROMISED IN THE ADS, EH? OF COURSE, IF YOU CAN OVERLOOK THE STRINGS THAT MAKE HER MOUTH WORK... AND TWO-BY-FOURS... AND THE SLY INSIDE...

FROM ALBINO
BRAIN PARASITES

SLUG HUMAN
ALBINO



the friends are... fans
like to visit at 10
TELEPHONE SYSTEM

POST
NO
BILLS



GO
tter
with
oke

OLIKE MEANWHILE,
IN THE LAND OF THE
RISING SUN... THINGS
WERE AT LEAST BIGGER.
FNOT EDDRIKE
BETTER!

IN EPOKATA-JJJK
"YEMBO, THE
MONSTER THAT ATE
EVERYTHING FRUNOB-
ULAX ATE" SEQUEL TO
THE ETKKE CLASSIC
"FRUNOBULAX, THE
MONSTER THAT ATE
EVERYTHING" THE
CITIES OF TOKYO, OSAKA,
AND YOKOHAMA WERE
SWALLOWED WHOLE
IN THE FILM'S FIRST
FIVE MINUTES!

YLIST HOWR
WAY OFF TANKIN
GOOD ORD U.S. OFF
A. FOR DLOPPING BIG
BOMB TO SHO NIPPON
ELLOR OF ITS
WAZE!

EBRIFE
I AM NOT PRO-
GRAMMED TO DIGEST
SUCH INFORMATION..
I AM--ELRP! -PRO-
GRAMMED ONLY TO
DIGEST PIZZA AND
EBRINIP: BEER--
EBRRURPIE

OH!
MONSTA!
TEARS

LEAVE IT
TO GOOD OL'
YANKEE INGENUITY
TO BEAT THE NIPS, THOUGH!
FOR COLOSSAL THRILLS, THEY
JUST DIDN'T COME MUCH
BIGGER THAN SAURON. WHEN
HE GOT UP, YOU CAN BET YER
HEAD HIS VICTIMS KNEW WHE-
THER HE WAS COMING OR
GOING!

BOULDER
DAM
DRIVE-IN
THEATRE

SAURON-THE THING
WITH THE THING
also
ATTACK OF THE /
BIG PHEGMOIDS

GOOD
EVE-VEN-ING...

I AM NOT IN THE HABIT OF
ENDORSEING TAWDRY ENTERTAINMENTS
SUCH AS THESE -- WHICH I WISH I COULD SAY WERE
FROM OUR SPONSOR. HOWEVER,
SEEING AS THESE MOTION PICTURES
DO ALERT THE UNINFORMED
VIEWER TO THE TERRIBLE
DANGERS THAT LURK IN
EVERYDAY OBJECTS
WE CARELESSLY WELCOME INTO OUR
HOMES

OR
PERHAPS
EVEN IN THE
BOY NEXT
DOOR...

...AS OPPOSED
TO THE PURELY IMAGINARY
BOOGY-MEN YOU'VE ALREADY
BEEN SUBJECTED TO, I FIND THAT
THE REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE -- AND
THE CHECK FROM THEIR PRODUCERS --
PERMITS ME TO RECOMMEND
THEM IN GOOD CONSCIENCE.

NEXT WEEK,
I'LL RETURN TO USHER
IN THE 1960'S WITH A
SENTIMENTAL LOVE STORY
ABOUT A PHOENIX GIRL AND
A MISUNDERSTOOD MAMA'S BOY
NAMED NORMAN. GOOD
NIGHT!

IT CONTROLS...
IT DESTROYS...
WILL SUBURBIA SURVIVE?

THE VIDEO INVADERS

SEE LAWN
FLAMINGOS
BECOME MURDEROUS
PAWNS OF THE
INVADING FORCES!

SEE WHAT DAD
FOUND IN
THE POWER LAWN
MOWER BAG!

SEE WHAT
UNCLE BILL
DID WITH
THE HEDGE
CLIPPERS!

DON'T TELL THE CHURCH EVEN IF YOU CAN FIND IT!

IN
TECHNOLOGY

ALL THE
VIOLENT
TERROR

PEEPING
HOWARD

starring
ARNOLD
STANG

HE IS COMING... WHILE YOU SERVE THE FLOOR!
HE IS COMING... WHILE YOU WASH THE DISHES!
HE IS COMING... AND NOTHING CAN STOP HIM!!!

HOUSE
WIVES
WERE
HIS
PREY

producer BERNARD WOOLNER screenplay LEO V. GORDON co-starring
MARJORIE MAIN-SHELLEY WINTERS directed by EDWARD L. CAHN



SIGH:
YEAH...LIFE
SURE WAS A
LOT SIMPLER
BACK
THEN



© 1978
T. KATES

①

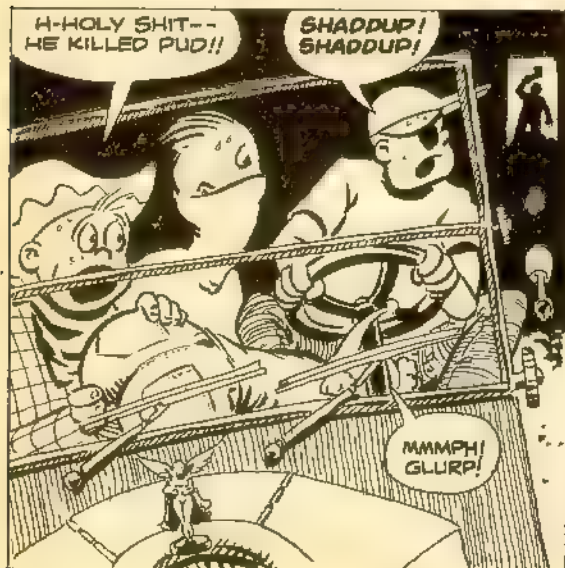
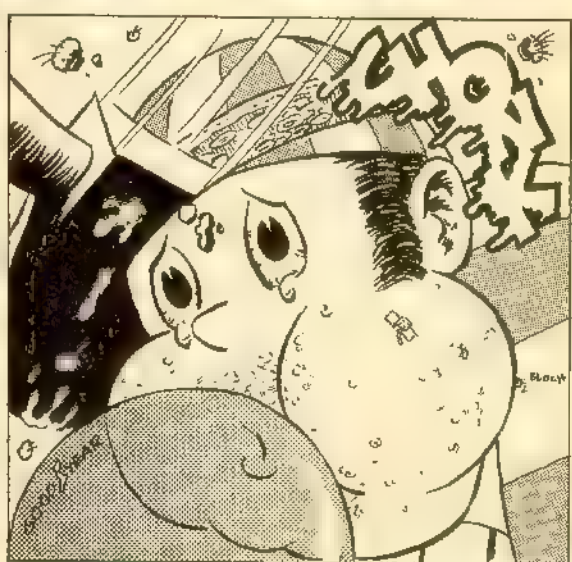
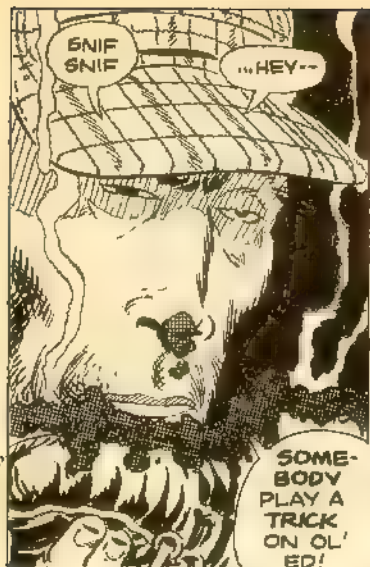
FIX MY DINNER!
GOOD FER NUTHIN',
LAZY!!!

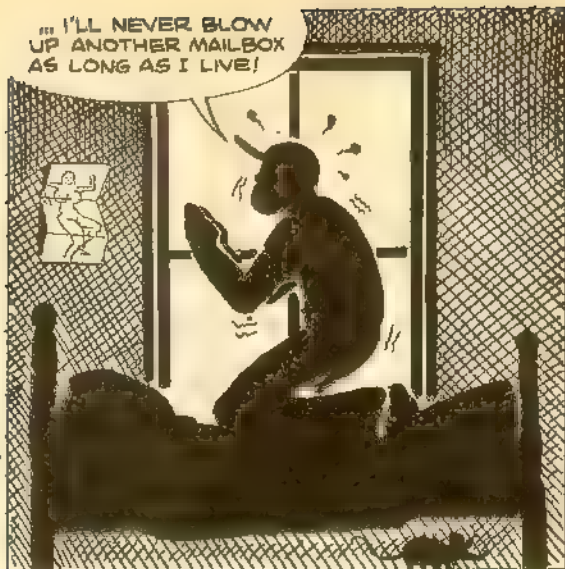
YES,
MA!!!

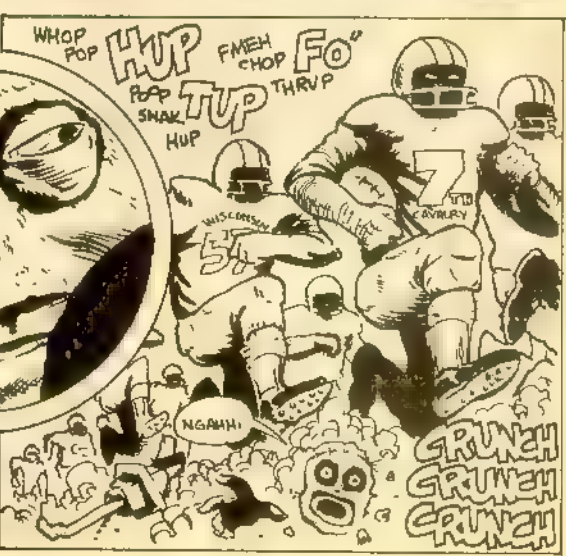
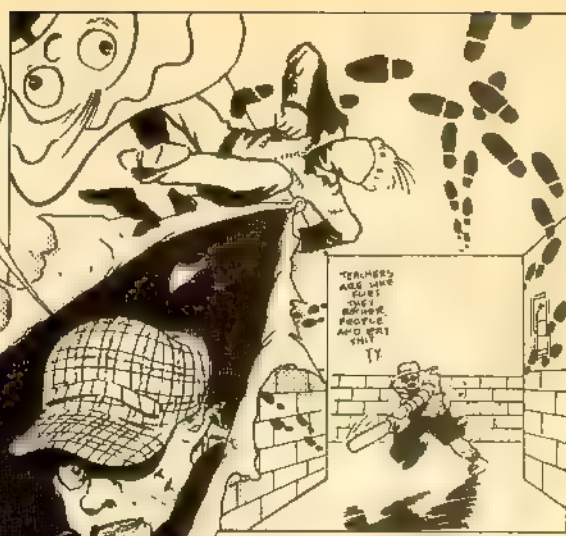
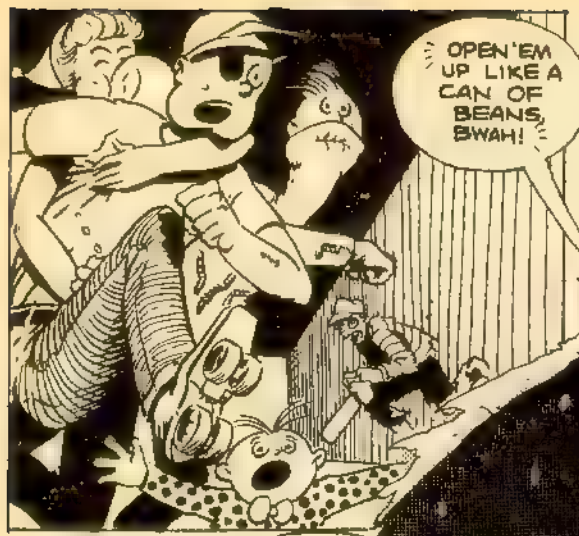
DON'T "YES MA" ME,
YA' SNIVELIN' BABOON!
JEST LIKE YER MISERABLE
PA!!! CAN'T EVEN GET
IT UP AFTER--

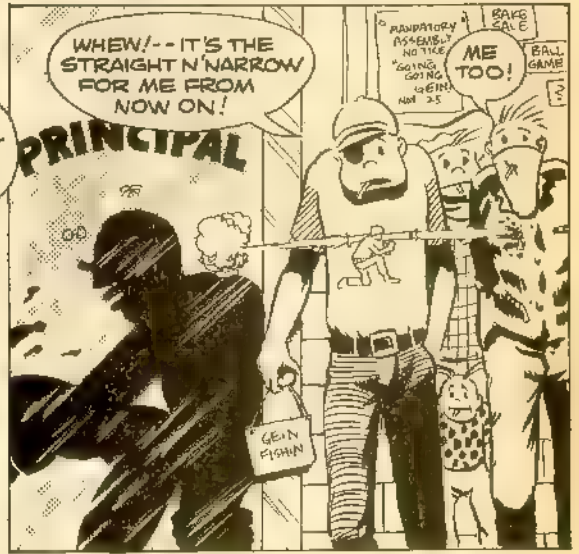
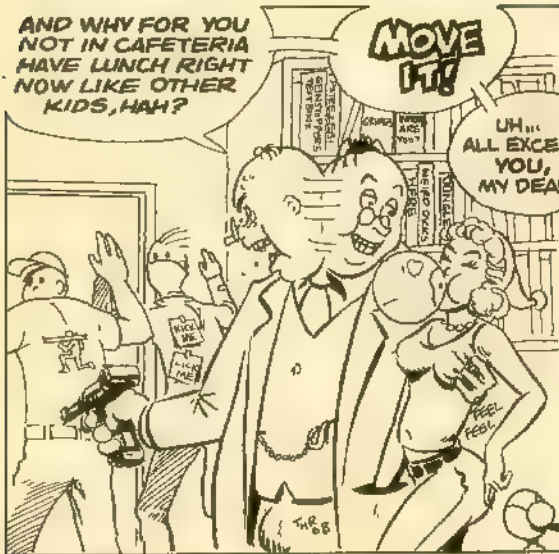
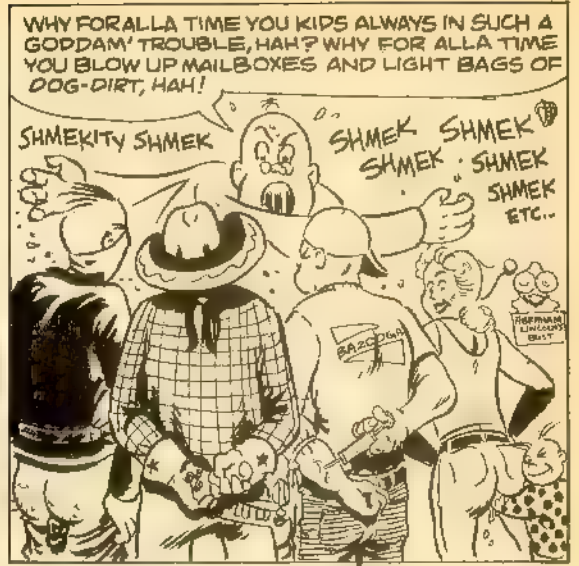
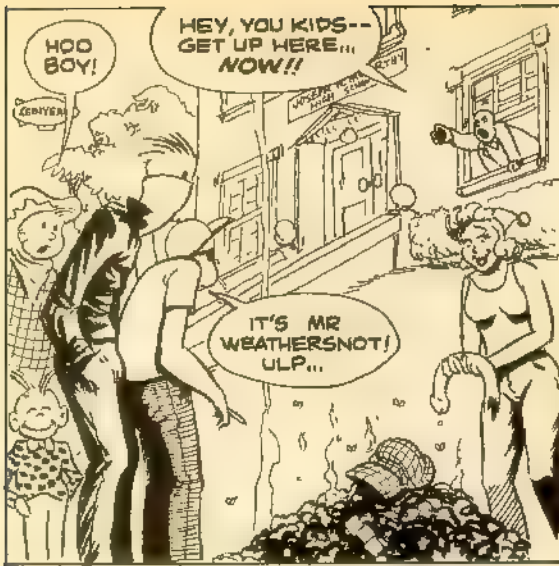
YES
...MA!

SCRIPT - BILL KELLEY
ART - RICK VEITCH
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AUG.
1953

WEIRD TALES

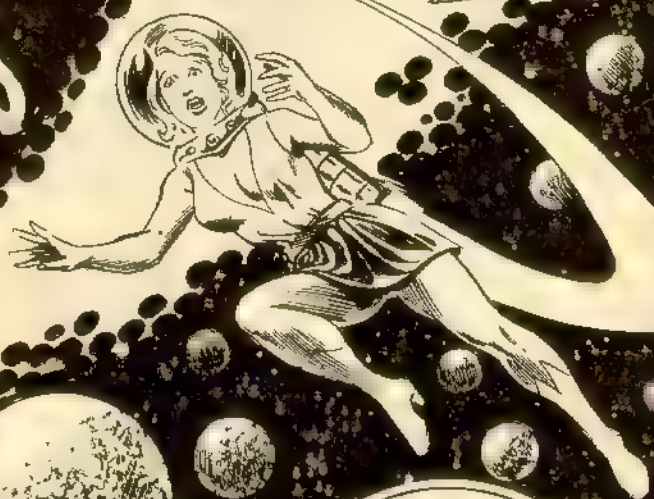
10¢

SPACE

LARRY—
HERE'S AN OLD
COMIC I FOUND—
MAYBE YOU CAN
USE IT IN YOUR
50'S BOOK—
DAVE.



WHO IS
LAMPREY
ORION?



SCIENCE
FICTION
ADVENTURE

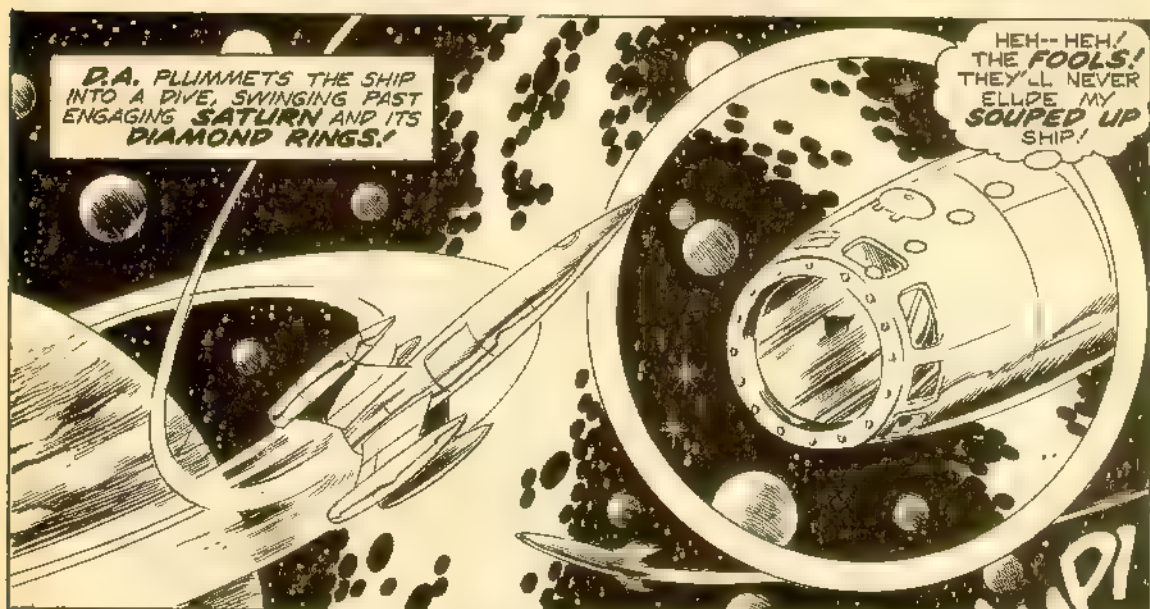
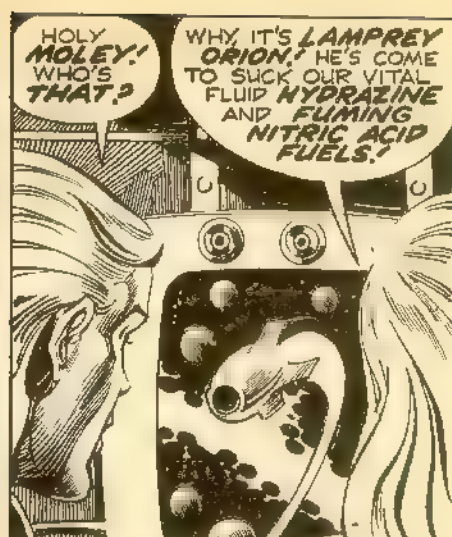
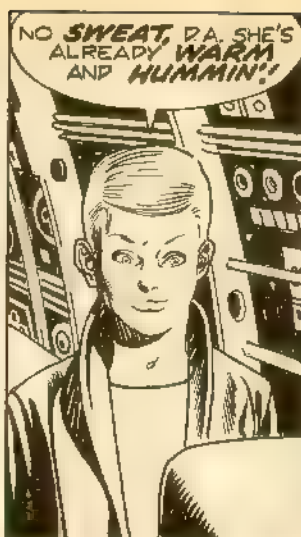
SPACED RAT-POL!

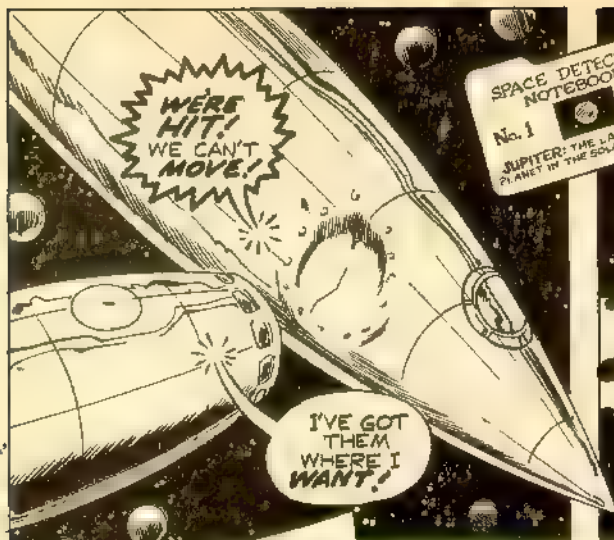
ACROSS THE GLITTERING GALAXIES STREAKS THE SPACED RAT-POL. JOIN THE LAUGHING CRUSADERS D.A., MARILYN, AND JERKY AS THEY FIGHT FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE TERRAN WAY!

OOH-- D.A., LOOK! THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CONTACT SIGNAL IS FLASHING!

GET READY FOR PULSE-POUNING ACTION LIKE YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE. HANG ON TO YOUR CONTOUR CHAIRS, SPACE BABES AND BUDDIES, OR YOU'LL DROP YOUR COOKIES IN THE SENSES-SHATTERING VASTNESS OF SPACE!

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
DAVE HUNT
INKED BY
ALFREDO P. ALCALA

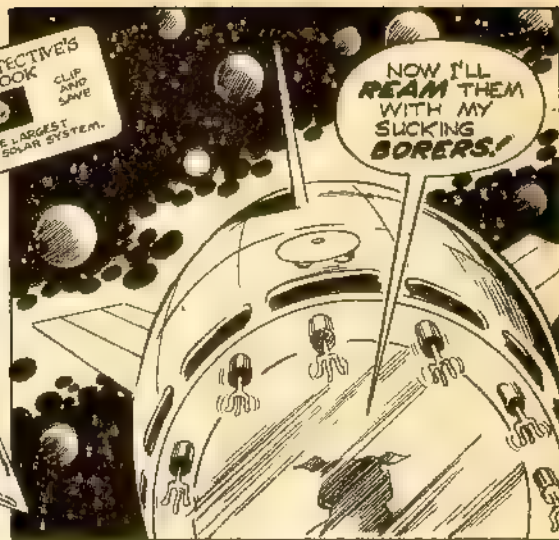




WE'RE HIT!
WE CAN'T
MOVE!

I'VE GOT
THEM
WHERE I
WANT!

SPACE DETECTIVE'S
NOTEBOOK
No. 1
CLIP AND SAVE
JUPITER: THE LARGEST
PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



NOW I'LL
REAM THEM
WITH MY
SUCKING
BORERS!

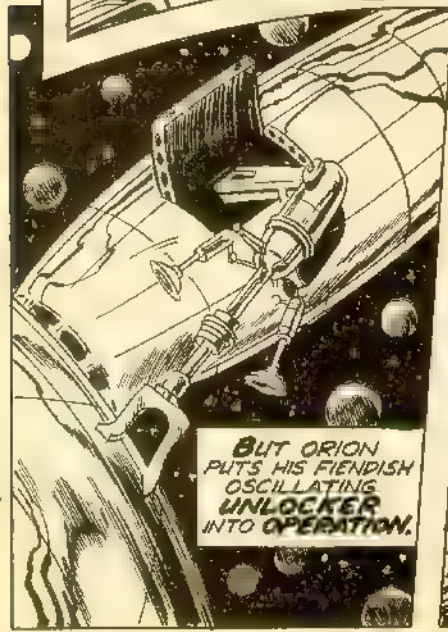


THIS'LL
TAKE CARE
OF THOSE
BORING
SUCKERS!

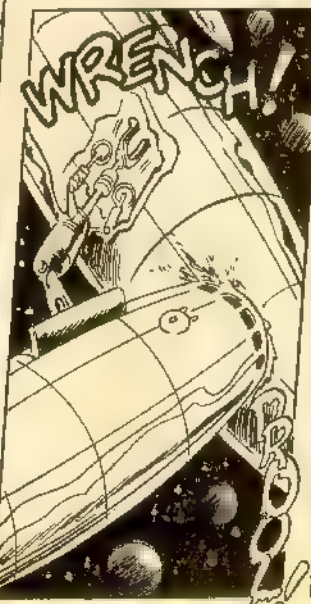
GRIND!

HE'S GOT US
THIS TIME!
I THINK I'M
GOING
MAD!

AH-- BUT OUR
SHELL ISN'T EVEN
CRACKED! THAT
CRAZY PLAYBOY
OF SPACE DOESN'T
KNOW OUR SHIP IS
MADE OF VERY
HEAVY METAL!



BUT ORION
PUTS HIS FIENDISH
OSCILLATING
UNLOCKER
INTO OPERATION.

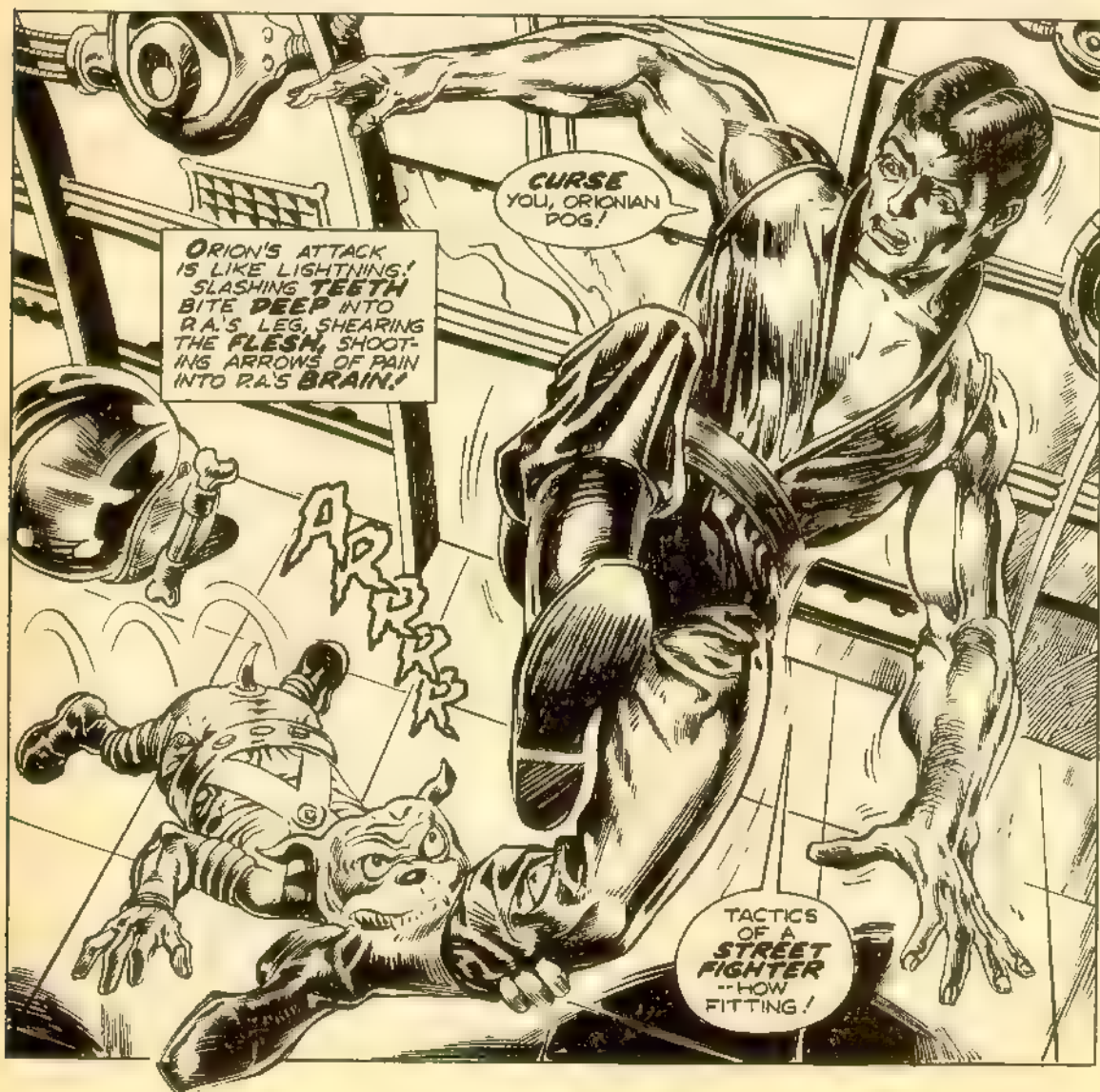
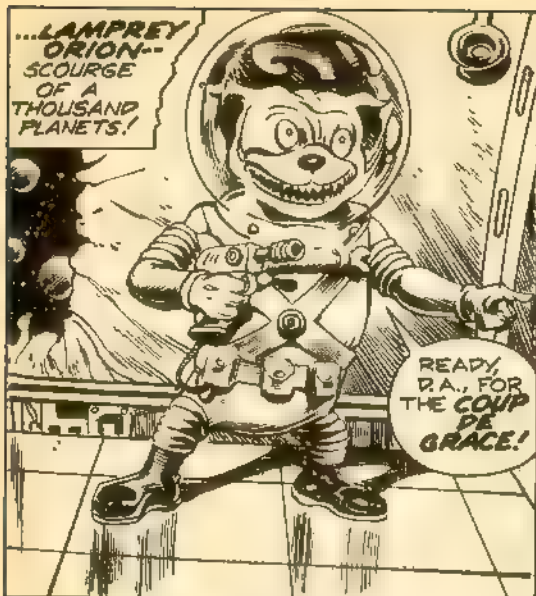


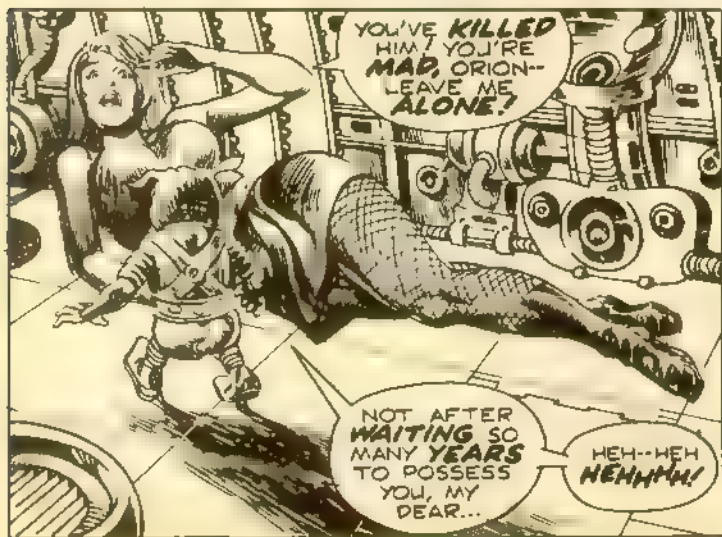
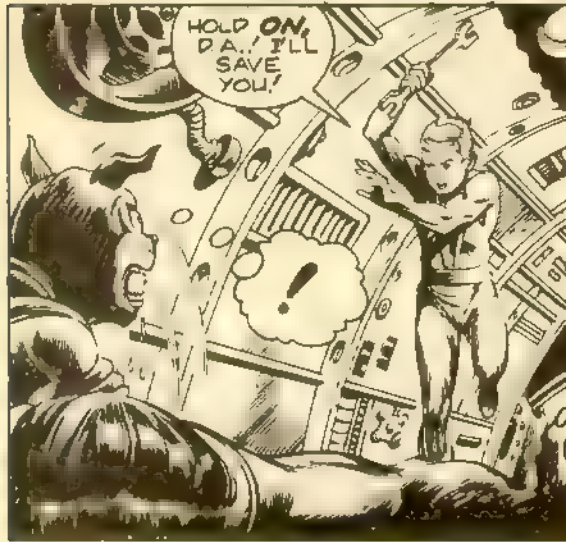
WRENCH!

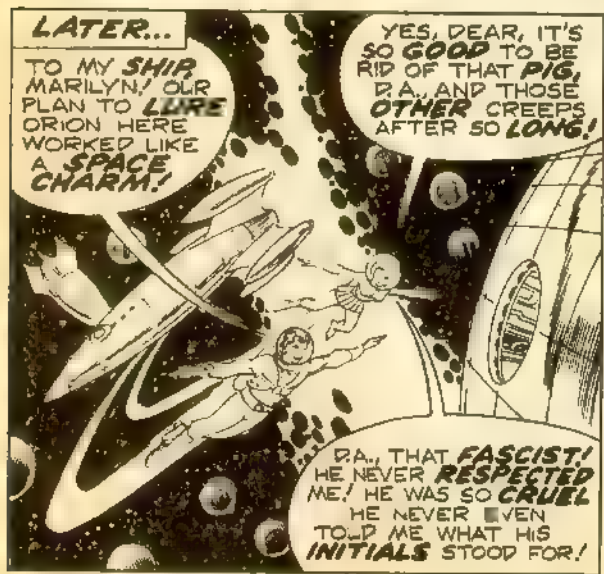
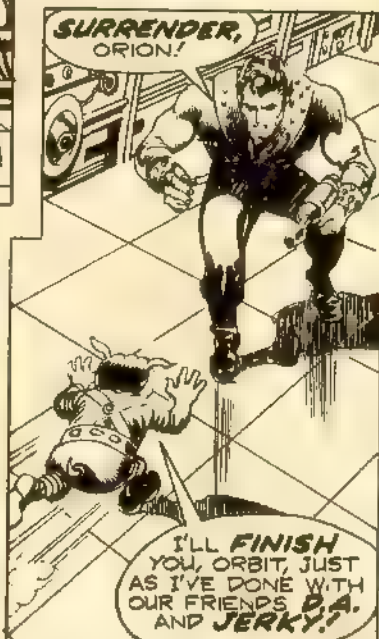
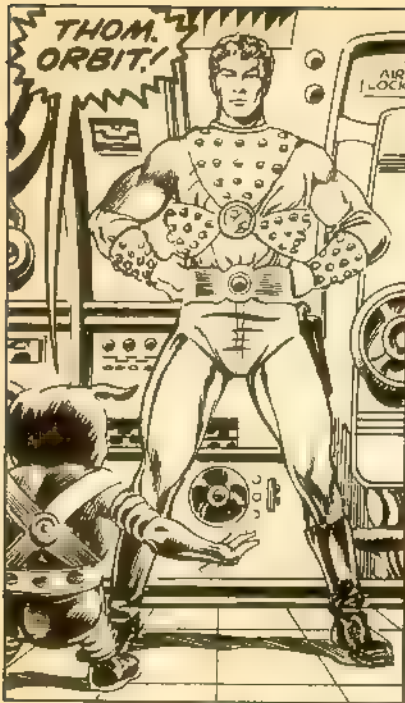


PREPARE TO DIE,
D.A. THEN, FAIR
MARILYN, I'LL
MAKE YOU
MINE!

ENTER...







HEY! I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AROUND HERE BEFORE, HAVE I? I'M GONNA TELL YOU SOMETHIN' YOU'D BETTER REMEMBER! I'M TONY MARCUS, AN' THIS STREET, THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ARE MY...

TURF!

© WILL MEUGNIOT 1980

IT ISN'T ALWAYS EASY KEEPING IT THAT WAY EITHER! ONLY THREE DAYS AGO, MY GANG, THE DEMONS, AND I WERE GETTING READY TO PROTECT OUR TURF...

HEY, TONY, WE'RE GONNA CUT UP THE DRAGONS TONIGHT, HUH?

YEH, LARRY, WE'RE GONNA CUT 'EM UP GOOD!

IF THEY DON'T KILL US, WHICH THEY PROBABLY WILL!



LOOK AT THOSE GUYS! THEY'RE LIKE I USED TO BE! THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF RUMBLING THE DRAGONS! BUT MY GUTS ARE TYING KNOTS UP INSIDE ME JUST THINKIN' ABOUT IT!



I DUNNO. MAYBE I'M JUST TOO OLD FOR IT ALL!



THE OTHER DEMONS ARE ONLY 17 OR 18 YEARS OLD AND HERE I AM...



PUSHIN' 27 ALREADY!

TONY...





TONY, WE GOTTA TALK!

SURE, SHEBA,
WHAT'S UP?

YOU KNOW
WHAT'S UP! I
HEARD ABOUT THE
RUMBLE!

SO?



SO, I WANT YOU NOT TO GO! I'M
SCARED
FOR YOU!
IT'S TOO LATE TO
BACK DOWN! I'VE
GOT TO PROTECT MY TURE
OR I'M NOTHIN'!



IF YOU GO ON THAT RUMBLE, YOU'VE
GOT NOTHING! I'VE WAITED FIVE
YEARS FOR YOU, TONY, AND I CAN'T
WAIT ANY LONGER!



MY COUSIN HERMIE HAS
A JOB OPEN AT HIS SHOE-
STORE AN-

SHOESTORE!?



I CAN'T WORK AT NO FUCKIN'
SHOESTORE! I'M TONY
MARCUS!



WHAT WOULD PEOPLE
THINK? TONY MARCUS
WORKIN' IN A SHOESTORE...



MAYBE THEY'D THINK TONY
MARCUS HAD FINALLY
GROWN UP!



THE DEMONS ARE GONNA GET THEMSELVES
KILLED IF THEY GO ON THIS RUMBLE!
THERE'RE TWICE AS MANY DRAGONS AND
AND THEY HAVE MOB CONNECTIONS!

THERE WAS NO ARGUIN' WITH THAT!
THE DRAGONS HAD MOB CONNECTIONS.
ALRIGHT! THAT WAS WHAT THE RUMBLE
WAS ALL ABOUT! YOU SEE, EARLIER
THAT DAY AT THE CANDY STORE...

HEY, KID, YOU
TONY MARCUS?

YEH, WHO'S
ASKING?

YOU DIDN'T NEED TO BE NO
EINSTEN TO SEE THESE GUYS
WERE MOBSTERS AND THEY
WAS INTERESTED IN MY TURF!

WE BEEN HEARING GOOD
THINGS ABOUT YOU TONY!

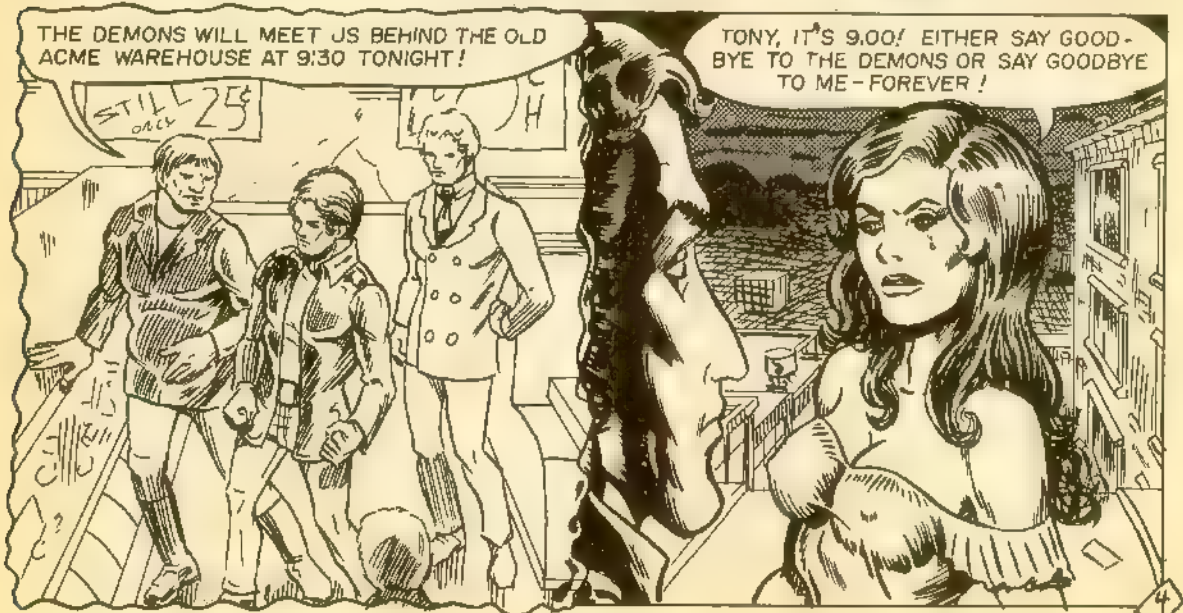
IN FACT WE'D LIKE YOUR BOYS
TO JOIN OUR ORGANIZATION
JUST LIKE THE DRAGONS DID!
WHAT DO YA SAY?

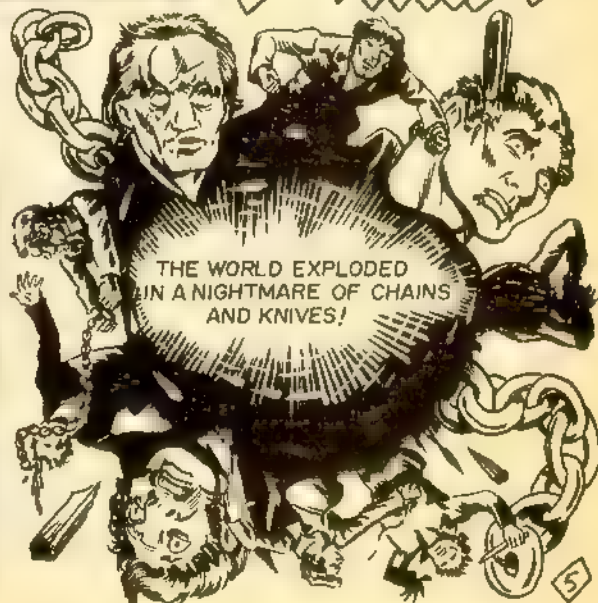
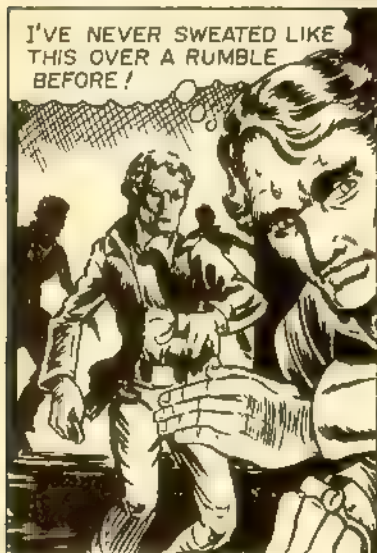
I SAY NO! YOU GUYS PUSH
DRUGS AN' I DON'T LET NO
DRUGS ON MY TURF!

IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE REASONABLE,
WE'LL HAF TA LET THE DRAGONS COME IN
AND TAKE OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

YOU THINK THE DRAGONS
CAN TAKE MY TURF AWAY?

YEH

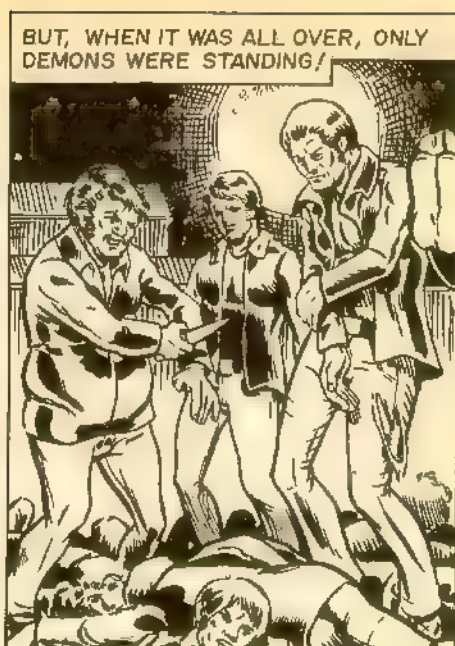




THE RUMBLE SEEMED TO LAST FOREVER!

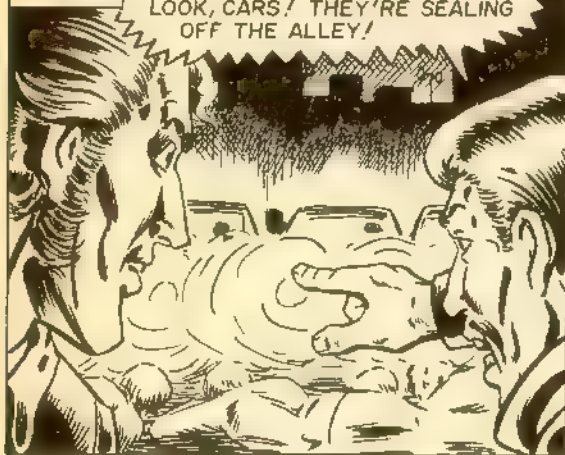


BUT, WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, ONLY DEMONS WERE STANDING!



WE DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO SAVOR OUR VICTORY, THOUGH!

LOOK, CARS! THEY'RE SEALING OFF THE ALLEY!



WE WERE TRAPPED, BY MY FRIEND FROM THE CANDY STORE!

YOU'RE A TOUGH KID, TONY!
IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T
PLAY ALONG!



OPEN FIRE, BOYS!



I WAS KNOCKED TO THE GROUND, AN' MY BACK FELT LIKE IT WAS ON FIRE!



EVERYTHING WENT FUZZY THEN, BUT I REMEMBER
HEARING SIRENS-AND SHEBA KNEALING OVER ME!

TONY, I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF
I HAD TO CALL THE POLICE!



YOU DID RIGHT, SHEBA. I'M TOO OLD
TO BE RUNNING WITH A STREET
GANG. I'M NOT GONNA FIGHT
ANYMORE!



BUT THAT WAS THREE DAYS AGO!
TODAY I'M AT PEACE!



THE ONLY THING IS SHEBA'S
CRYING AND I WISH SHE
WOULDN'T!



I'M HAPPY, THERE'S GONNA
BE NO MORE FIGHTING...



AND I'VE FINALLY GOT MY
OWN PIECE OF...



TURF!



HEY, BOZO...
IF YOUSE LIKED DIS
COMIC, WHY DON'YA
CHECK OUT OUR
UPPER STUFF!

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BY A SEVERED HEAD? THESE ARE JUST A
FEW OF THE TERROR TALES BROUGHT TO
YOU BY THE LIKES OF ALFREDO ALCALA,
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... AN IF YOU THINK
THE **FIFTIES** STINK,
WAIT'LL YOU SQUARES
DIG THE **SEVENTIES**
hehe hee...



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SCOTT
SHAW!



Sir Real's

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50's Funnies #1

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